WILD RAIN

A Book of Poems

By BETTY YATES

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BY

BETTY YATES

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DEDICATION

So falls the rain from heaven
All freely through the night,
Forceful as your devotion,
Thrilling my slumber light—
Seeming a benediction
Of intensely fervent might.

THIS BOOK
FOR MY MOST SACRED FRIEND
GRETA BRESNAHAN

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Wild Rain

FUGUE

Here are old altars crumbling
And dusty creeds, worn stones
Heaped on each hill throughout the land,
Beliefs tossed to winds that blow and blow,
Bearing elusive, esoteric truths.
Old altars—musty faith—mouldering away.

But in this church hosannas rise;
Candles stand guttering, dripping
In tall sconces wrought of gold.
Lone figures kneel shivering,
In vacant pews, against pillars
That arch up to vault the roof:
Symbols of strength enduring on.
Psalms rise unspokenly from lips
Frozen with harsh silences;
Rich, quivering glory of past ages
Lingers on in the dim light,
Struggling through bent windows
Stained in many twisted shades.
Yet there is no answer here from God!

PATER NOSTER

Give us word, O Christ,
Our death is yours
To turn to life again.
Forgive us now and
Grant relief of pain.

Bless in our souls
The trembling flame
Of faith, bless and increase.

AVE MARIA

At thy feet, O Virgin,
We who sin, as well
As those who live
In simple sanctity,
Implore thy grace.

SANCTA MARIA

Woman, holy over all,
Our souls belong to you
In sacred obligation.
Pray for us now
And as we die.

AMEN.

Gloria—gloria—
And yet there is no answer here from God.

The walls are dumb,
The candles still drip on,
The people pray
In halcyon piety,
The incense curves
And mingles with the air.

Mystery broods.
Upon the altar lie centuries of faith,

The sacrifice of martyrs, the doubt
And persecution of long, jaded years:
Holocausts to God.

There is no answer here to prayer,
There never will be one—
Stolid belief may only rest
In all the power of brave security
Where cryptic depths are still
And holy in calm secrecy.

CARD HOUSES

I was a child:
I built card houses
That toppled over
With a breath of wind.

I was a woman:
I made great plans.
Life snatched them greedily;
Death bore them far away.

TIRED

How tired I am tonight!
You do not care?
Ah, yes! with loving touch
Your fingers wander through my hair.

We are both tired tonight!
There will be rest.
I shall hear your heart flutter
Under your breast.

TO A BEGGAR

Here is a handful of silver,
What would you do with gold?
Your little feet are weary,
Your little hands are cold.

Poor, blessed, hunchback flower girl,
With the hurt look in your eyes;
Weep not o'er withered blossoms—
For what is born soon dies.

Thank me not for my offering,
Call me not over bold;
Here is a handful of silver—
What would you do with gold?

VARIATIONS ON A SPRING THEME

The warm, wet night is vibrant
With lamps shining through the pale air
Upon the streets, over a million people,
Hurrying along, huddling together
Living all on top of one another.

. . . . .

The earth is pregnant with a million things:
Crocuses and buds stirring all about,
Moving in exquisite torment of torturous birth,
While the warm rains that whip them to fruition
Are full of soft, caressing mystery.

. . . . .

The smell of the damp earth is intoxicating,
All the world is impatient for production.
Daily the sun, at night the stars,
Urge on the trembling little blossoms.

. . . . .

The spring night is a wanton as it passes
Over city streets and through sweet-smelling
lanes,
A courtesan courting every wind that blows,
Sending kisses to ends of the earth.

SILENCE

You can not know,
How could you, dear?
You hurt me—that is all.
Strangely, I do not fear
To stand alone,
Since you are gone.

You gave me all—
Loved the giving—
I could not ask for more.
Yet death to the living
Would be more kind
Than silence—blind.

You think of me,
Sometimes—perhaps.
I do not curse this lapse
Of darkening time between.
You were so gay
And went away.

INVOCATION

Lay your cool hands on my brow,
Little, lovely, sleepy heart;
I shall not be sorry now
Even though we soon must part.

Tears are fluttering in your eyes,
Shall I kiss them all away?
You will smile in faint surprise
At dear things I have to say.

But where are you, feather heart,
That no cool hand rests a-near.
I did not know we had to part
So soon, so very soon, my dear.

MY DREAM

Always am I sewing
With a needle far too big
For my thread.
Little scarlet drops
Mark my laborious progress
In fantastic designs.
What do I sew?
A giddy pattern
With figures
Of life and death.

IMMORTALITY

The smoke from your cigarette
The smoke from my cigarette,
Mingle together;
So shall our souls
Merge into one
After death.
The smoke lifts itself
Toward the light,
So shall we
Bear ourselves—up!

THE YELLOW ROSE

There's little more in dreaming
Than life can hold in words—
The yellow rose is dust, dear.
The wind has gone away.

There's little more in hoping
Than grim faith tenders us—
The yellow rose is dust, dear,
The wind has gone away.

So, what is left to hope for?
Or what is left to say?
The yellow rose is dust, dear,
And you have gone away.

THE LITTLE NEW MOON

Did you see the little new moon, last night?
It hung like a thread in the sky—
A woven bit of gossamer light,
With a tiny star near by.

I smiled when I saw the little new moon,
For I thought of you, my dear.
And I wished—oh, I wished—on the tiny star,
That you were only near.

A PARADOX

I sought a road that did not turn;
I sought a wood without a tree;
I sought a heart that did not burn
Or sigh for things unseen.
I sought a sea—with water dry;
I sought lands where no people were;
A mountain tall but yet not high,
A gypsy not a wanderer.
I found the road, the gypsy in the wood;
I found the sea and mountain tall.
Yet, finding happiness in things unseen,
I found not joy at all!

ONE SONG YOU SING

One song you sing stirs all the tide of tender
feelings
In my soul;
It makes me sad, and yet my sorrow
Is a boon of joy.

. . . . . .

Last night I heard this song, and I was far from
you,
It was not beautiful:
It was as some strange, haunting call—
An echo I have lost.

A SYMPHONY IN GRAY

A slender girl with gray eyes, across a gray-
brown field;
And a tree standing dim and lonely, 'gainst gray
banks of cloud.

. . . . . .

A creek with ice coated water slipping over gray
stones;
And a gray bird flinging itself across the sullen
sky.

. . . . . .

A gray road curved and indistinct in the
twilight;
And a gray dusk spreading slowly over the
world.

. . . . . .

SONG OF THE DUST

Why do you scorn me,
You, who will soon be dust?
Why do you pass me by, O human,
Carelessly and without thought?
I have a soul as you have.
I, myself, am a soul.
I have known sorrow—
Greater even than yours.
Why do you pass me by, O human?
Looking troublesomely at your boots,
That are covered with dust?

WISDOM

When I think of all I've missed:
Love and loving, lips that kissed,
Sweet and tendering caresses,
Gentle things that heaven blesses;
All that ever is most dear
Until you, beloved, came near;
I wonder why it is I care
Since you made my world so fair.
But you could not fill the part
That is lonely in my heart,
Like a vacant house long rented
Which has never been frequented.
You could not give me all, but true,
Left some still for life to do!

UNDER THE "L"

At 6th Avenue and 42nd Street
We said goodbye.
There were people and people
All with blank faces
And dead, unseeing eyes.
The dust swirled up—
We did not know how long
The parting was to be.
You hurried your way, I mine,
Very soon two beings essential
To each other were lost
In the maze of meaningless humanity.
Can you—can anyone tell me
Why the gods will that lovers
Should always part?

LADY BEFORE HER MIRROR

You are so beautiful, I sometimes wonder if you
are myself;
Such soft, pale skin with gentle lines that dip
and curve,
Faintly creeping color, lashes quivering like a
little elf,
Dark eyes half-shut wistful with wondering de-
light
At Love so sweetly stealing in glory and in
might.

Your hands are now so delicately cool, your
laugh all gaiety,
Can you know that some day you will be old and
tired?
Those lovely lines will fade and disappear, O
poor, sad deity.
Then what is left for you in that dim far away
But eyes a little weary and soft hair silver gray?

SLEEPY SONG

For Mary Duffy More

Lulla, lullaby,
Night time is nigh;
Sleep, wee mavourneen,
The stars are on high.

The lambs and the calves
Are all tucked away;
The little white moths
Are resting till day.

Lulla, lullaby,
Night time is nigh;
Sleep, wee mavourneen,
The stars are on high.
So sweetly sleep!

(At first)
She drank a cocktail deep
Then laughed and reeled,
With sparkling eyes
And burning cheeks.

(Later)
She daubed her pretty face
With rouge, her lips
With crimson colour,
Revelling in life.

(And then)
She drew long breaths and deep
Upon a cigarette,
And making smoke rings
Entered into a wider world.

TO GRETA

What can it matter to me
Or what does the world think I care,
If the red in your cheeks is rouge,
And your lips crimson pasted there?
You are maddingly beautiful,
As nights of a million stars.
And I am your lover—good God,
Why must your beauty serve as bars?
Holding me speechless, crude,
Lacking words to utter in magic ways
The wealth of glory and wonder
That has crept into my days.

Is your low voice silence or sound,
How should I ever understand?
For you who hold the mystic world
Within your steady, nerveless hand,
Thrill me to tenderness—oh, the touch
Of those soft hands that know life well!
Heaven never told me there was
Or could be such as you to quell
The bitter sense within my soul.
You strip me of agony, madden instead.
God! shall I find a way to show
How you brought me from the dead?

REQUEST

I thought I never once would care,
Yet, verily I do;
You gave that other one your heart,
But mine is given you.
You hold your love inviolate,
Ah, better be it so.
I only ask a bit of heaven,
And yet the gods say: "No."

SENSITIVENESS

We have drawn near to God, you and I alone,
And breathed the incense in His temples,
But we have paid—ah! heavily,
A price so great that few men dare to pay,
For we have put between ourselves
And all the other world more than
Ten thousand vast eternities.

AND THUS PERHAPS MAY DEATH BE LIKE—

There was a day—
A long road winding clear
Across brown fields;
A scent of autumn mingled
In the hazy summer air;
A stir of dull leaves falling,
Falling to the earth.

There was a feeling—
Deep in a weary heart;
A sad and wistful longing
For a life undimmed by tears;
And in a soul serene
And calmed by many sorrows
There was love.

There was a hillside—
And pale flowers beckoning sweet,
A clear, warm patch of sunlight
Near a tired old tree;
A blissful peace transcending
And a calm of wondrous quiet
Deepening over all.

There was a wind—
That stirred the crimson-scarlet trees,
Even as the sun rose higher,

Then dropped low into the west;
A star gleamed bright and steady,
The long grass rustled soft—

. . . . .

There was an end
Of all that makes life sad.

RESURRECTION

Helen of Troy is dust now, her soul
No more than a thin, gray shade
Wandering lost through the spaceless halls
Of infinity. Deirdre, Lilith, Beatrice—
All are but names, they have vanished
Suddenly as comets that swing madly
In the heavens, dazzling, stupefying
The common world with their brilliance
For one little moment—dust and ashes,
Their names like a strange, sad sound
And their voices that once held kings
In thrall have mingled and become lost
In the vibrant singing of stars—but you!
Ah,—you have their beauty, your lips
Were made to stir men in madness
Of futile unreality, to utter words that find
Their soundings in remote and hidden depths.
Your skin was made for men to touch
In holy terror of mortality—and oh! your hands
Were made to stroke another's brow with
Splendid force and gentle tenderness or else
Lie still and lovely in calm white silences.
Helen of Troy, Lilith, what are their names to
me
When you, O heaven-sent beloved, have their
beauty!

TRIUMPH

This night the world is far too small for me—
The very stars are tippling from the skies,
While close within my trembling hand there lies
The all of everything—infinity.
These deeply suff'ring griefs that once I knew:
Humility and proud restraint of pain,
Anger, ambition flickering in vain,
Love thwarted many times—are all gone through.
Out of the deary wreck of years long past
From the day's slow tedious restriction
I rise—singing a joyous valediction,
My soul and I know triumph at the last.
The whisp'ring breath of spring is in the air
Lulling through pines grown soft and warm with age,
Proudly I grasp my long sought heritage
All I had hoped for, all that I could dare,
Lord God! I have plucked immortality,
Breaking youth's shackles I tower unbound and free!

Brush the cobwebs from my eyes
For I am in a maze of dream,
How can I be like other men,
Seeking love to come again,
Knowing well how soon it dies?

Leave me a little while alone,
Here in the sheltering dark—
Question me not with looks and glances,
You who talk of life's romances,
For one who has had her own.

Remote from all the world apart,
Pity a scorching thing to me,
Mocking words; but then, who cares,
I have the wind's keen airs—
Lie still in the night, O Heart!

TEA

We'll drink tea together, by and by.
Sugar, you said? Lemon, I.
Strong or weak? It's all the same.
How long is it since you came?
Three years away, what have you done,
Made your life a merry one?
No? Well, then—failed, you say,
Ah, don't please tell me that today.
I'm only beginning, encourage me.
Don't be serious, can't you see,
What's the use while we're drinking tea?

If love should come tonight
I'd heed him not,
Nor clasp him to my breast;
But speed him from my sight
And bid him leave
My passioned spirit rest.

But oh! if death came near,
Sweetly and sly,
I'd twine him in my arms,
Bid him to take me from here,
And—pleading soft,
Free me from mortal harms.

FAITHLESS

You have a God who hears your prayers,
Who loves the tenseness in your soul—
But I have none, and in my eyes
A hesitant rebuking lies,
That faith should leave me so alone.

You are so firm, strong in belief,
You could not guess the agony,
The sorrow in a single mind
When simple creeds are left behind
In groping for a further thing.

Religion drifts into men's souls
As the white dew over the ground;
One feels it manifest about,
But always the little rain of doubt
Is falling on my naked heart.

REVERY

You read my eyes and their volumes
With yours that peer deep into souls,
So I need not venture speaking
Or uttering frivolous little words
That, in spite of their weight,
Are always meaningless.
When I am with you alone
My very heart ceases to stir.

Most lovely one, I must seal your eyes now,
Eyes that grow weary with wondering,
And leave you, knowing only
That our little dream of a moment
Is over.

I

Bridal-wreath and lilac,
Honey-suckle, wild rose,
Blending perfumes together
Fragrant as no one knows.
Alone in a garden's silence,
Wonder dancing before still eyes,
Rapturous words half uttered—
A thief has entered Paradise.

II

The chestnut trees have lit
Their candles all too soon,
God! But I wish I were
On the Champs Elysées, trailing
Happiness under a giddy moon.

There is the day
And sun that streams
In blessedness of light,
The world is dumb and far away—
While in my lover's deathless eyes
Lingers a hesitant delight:
And in the pallor of soft skin,
The touch of hands that let sweet magic in,
There is a memory of pain.
This is our day, our hour,
Not coming soon again,
We shall know what to do
While fleeting moments break
Like crystals at our feet.

CONTRAST

You were in a maze of people—
Laughing, seeming merrily,
I was in the dark alone
Bearing memory,
You were in a maze of people.

Your still face held sweet delight—
Smiling gayly, love for all,
I was groping in the night
Heedless to human call,
Your still face held sweet delight.

It hardly mattered where we were—
You loved people, music, song
I had moons and stars of gold,
Fleeting things to hold,
It hardly mattered where we were.

RENUNCIATION

Had you stayed here with me
I might have gone through life preoccupied,
Not sensing all the tragic mystery
Or lingering beauty heaped on every side
In piles about the world for men
To use in tender love of art.
Had you stayed here I only would have known
The wonder of your eyes, the hurt
Your lips impress, the sad and lone
Compassion when you left me for a while.
I might have worshipped at your smile
More than the sublimest creeds
That fickle men invent. Ah, yes!
To me you were a misty loveliness,
A gentle cloud enveloping on every day—
It is far better that you went away.

HOUSETOPS AND THE SKY

SUNSET—EVENING—NIGHT

Sunset and the silver west
Fading into soft, gray light
While, all garlanded with mist,
Gently stealing the dear night
Slips down in brooding revery.
Sunset, and housetops outlined high
In living black against the sky.

Evening and a dusky glow
Wavering elf-like; winds that blow
Mystic shadows far and wide.
And then one blue star aride
The earth burns drippingly.
Evening, and housetops slanting near
In geometric patterns queer.

Night and all the world quite dim,
Solitude oppressive, grim;
Stars in a heavy mass of blue
Spread over sleeping souls to woo
The vain caprice of empty dreams.
Night, and none watching here with me
The housetops float on a velvet sea.

It is all you have ever dreamed
Of peace and quiet and repose;
Moors of purple heather,
Sunsets of streaming rose;

Slanting light through the pines,
Snug little homes tucked away;
Sheep all drowsy with eating
In the sweet, soft light of day.

Roads that are dusty and cartworn,
Trees planted æons ago;
Wide, rolling pasture fields
Where winds know how to blow—

All this and more in England,
Come, slip on your golden shoes:
We'll travel off together
With never a moment to lose.

SONNETS

I.

I claim no god of right as others do,
No powers of justice or of law are mine,
Freedom I seek through all the vales of time,
License aloof and self-assertion, too.
I am no Gentile, sorry Greek, nor Jew;
I am a world's lone passenger sublime
Hungrily roaming through each land and clime.
Proudly disdainful, ever seeking new.
I shall not cease till I have found my goal.
But, wandering sadly in dark, starless nights
I know the very pathway of the soul
Must lead me on to far more valiant heights;
Yet while I suffer in dumb agony
May some god wonder and then pity me.

II.

I am so much a god when you are near.
We both are youthful gods—creating, making
All the wonderment of life and breaking
Worn customs, manners which to us spell fear;
Our precious world begins and ends just here.
We grasp—then lose the rest forsaking
Modes which bring to us no spirit's waking.
For us the little, mighty things are dear.
We feel ourselves rare personalities
With purposes that keenly yearn ahead,
Forgetful of strict-ruled formalities

Yet sensible to our own ways, instead.
People may smile, say other things must be—
We shall always be blind and always see!

III.

A wayward god stole down and kissed my brow
And with his creaseless palm drawing dull care
From out my world, he made as if to share
His heaven alone with me. I know not how
It came about but often then and now
Soft clouds caressing in their sweetness bear
Me away to quaintly foreign lands where
Never mortal was but blissful beings enow.
So little calm in these worn lives of ours
Comes to us from the ragged bit of day
That tears from weary souls terrific powers
Of strength, labor, love sorrowing away—
The little we can grasp close in our hands
Is never ours to lose to life's demands.

I.

The moon has risen slowly
Beyond the palace towers;
The odorous incense of old China
Is drifting softly through the air.
Somewhere lotus buds are falling,
I hear them—dripping in the night.
They are like the memories
That lie within my heart:
Flowers too precious to be plucked,
And yet grown old and faded,
Falling like the lotus buds
In the white silence of dead time.

II.

Your face is like soft, yellow jade,
I dreamed of you through all the thousand years
Before I was born.
I shall go on dreaming of you
In all the many centuries
That pursue my death.
In the cycle of time
You shall revolve.
Mingling with the scents
Of lotus and hibiscus blooms.
This earth is but
A momentary span,
Timeless ages of past and beyond
Transcend it all.

TAUNT

I sing of love, for love has shattered me,
I saw you only once, but that enough to see
That you were mine
Into all time.

You go your way and someday will find, too,
That I alone could ever be the one for you;
You will be sad
When both might have been glad.

TO WINMARLY

To you who love the sunset
And winds that spring in the night,
Waters that shine with beauty—
All blessedness and light:
To you is my promise of faith,
Faith and a love sincere—
Will you cherish it, darling,
Tenderly year by year!
Naught do I ask in return
But trust and starry eyes,
And sometime sweet rememb'rance
And love that never dies.
Life will be a dream, my own,
A fleeting passage of time—
Hands clasped close together,
All things sublime.
Beauty calls us to follow,
Come, eager with haste, and away,
Into the heart of the sunset
At close of day.

PRAYER

Who says that prayer is of no great avail
Can not have watched a haggard face grow pale
With strident death; or seen the dawn
Flush o'er the east before the radiant morn,
And ere the candle's flickering life is spent
Or vigil flown in one long banishment,
The sunlight creep upon the polished floor
In strange, quaint patterns opening wide a door
To life. Prayer brings a blessed hope instead . . .
Who has not kissed the lips of one just dead.

HIDING TEARS

You did not know I cried,
Your back was turned;
You did not see the tears that burned
In furrows down my cheeks.
It did not matter:
What could you have done?
You might have said some little words,
Or laughed or sung.

AFTERNOON

Your boat shall sail at noon
And I with little smarting things,
That once were eyes, will see
It go, until disappearing in the mist
The harbor is a blur of nothingness.
Then leaving, I shall trudge along
Feeling that my heart has left me
And only where it should beat
Will be a leaden weight—like stone.
Somehow I shall sip tea later and wonder
Where your ship is now, and if
The ocean seethes and aches for you.

NIGHT

I shall dress, oh, very carefully,
With heavy hands and weary gestures,
And just for mockery shall twine
Roses that you loved within my hair.
No rouge upon my cheeks, but carmine
On my lips to rub away the smart
Your kisses made. Then dining—
How shall I care to eat?—there will be
Strong coffee and cigarettes enough.

NEXT MORNING

Arising from dull sleepiness,
From tossing thoughts and dim imaginings,
With numb fingers I shall comb

My straight brown hair, and heartlessly
Go about my ways; only eyes
That burn from hollow depths
And cheeks like marble shall testify
To all the wondering humans near me
How my life is torn in two.

THAT EVENING

It will be raining and I
Returning in the wet shall put
My little kettle on the stove
And when it boils, trying
To make me company, I shall go
Forlornly to the window; there
Outside against the glass
A dead leaf swirled by careless winds
From out the garden's drenched paths
Will beat against the rain-splashed pane,
And I shall think on how my life has died.

VALEDICTION

To these I recommend you:
The strong sea and the wind,
The fog and many shifting stars.
I can not watch you now,
Nor longer hold you in my embrace.

I know only one woman,
As the sea knows only one —
The wind; husband and wife together.
Fog and stars are the children
Begot by these two primal forces.

Only one woman can hear my song
Running like this:
I want you and
I may not have you.
So go to the sea now and remember
How the wind sang in ageless wooing.

LITTLE PAGAN

You people who pray in the morning
To dumb, unseeing gods,
Cast your heads so low that the dawning
Goes unnoticed; but head held high
I do not pray, but laugh and cry
Out in the open upon the hills
Where angel feet press down the grass
And all is still since God shall pass.
While in the evening when you pray
Your heads are turned the other way.
I cast my eyes up to the stars
And see my angels without bars.
You lock your visions all in heaven,
Mine stray down to earth.
Tell me, which is better, you who know,
Without faith to see, or head held low
Be blind and wonder as some
Where gods are and why they never come?

MEMORY

Your face sometimes brings to me
The pain of an old wound
Cut deep and too long lingering.
But oh! the agony is blessed
As sorrow sometimes is
When from eyes long wearied
Are wrung out tears of blood.

BARRENNESS

Fields that are barren are beautiful
Because there is space and presence
Of huge forces in elemental strength
Which from the first have never moved.
There is distance to see past,
And always beyond there are blue hills,
Mountains or a limitless horizon.

Women that are barren in whom
The seed of life has never germinated,
Are alluring in a heavy, despondent way,
Because in them a mystery has never been
Fulfilled. Their eyes are deep and questioning,
As if they asked always of life
Why they, of so many others, were chosen
To be made sport of by whimsical gods.

Fertility, production, is such an
Obvious, hackneyed thing:
Only one field out of a thousand acres
Is barren, so few women fail to perform
Their function of bearing many children.
It is well that some have been chosen
To remain without fruition; dying
They die completely, no strain is left
To follow their mockery
In meaningless propagation.

VISITATION

She came to me in the night
And the whole room was heavy
With her presence. She came
Not a reality, but a phantom
Gliding slowly through a misty world;
A woman, sweet with perfume,
Delicate with long, listless arms
And great, great hollow eyes.
She breathed caresses to me and awakened
All there was of tenderness in my soul.
Alone with her in that best hour
Of blessed darkness, her cool arm
Thrown soothingly across my shoulder,
My warm cheeks resting under
The dark shadow of her head,
My sleepless heart beating on
So uselessly in rapture. Ah, then—
My lady most lovely, lady of light,
Loaned me her soul for one
Adoring, little moment, and all
My own white wonder of the world
Came creeping, flooding in ecstatic
Pulsings of tremendous joy.
But oh! just as a dream she glided
Indefinitely, softly through the night,
The room was full with stabbing agony
Of unenduring things. The very solitude
Pierced the air still fragrant with
The mem'ry of beloved hours,

Once so soul-satisfying, now darkling—gone!
And all the days my weary song
Goes wandering through aisles of secret pain
Telling when the skies are tender gray
And little winds are sighing low,
How it is that one must pass alone
Always through days and hours.

Beauty fades and passes
As moons that grow and wane,
But always in some other form
It is reborn again.

Rare fleeting beings are caught,
Embodied in some chance embrace;
Dying they leave still wonder
To enhance remoter grace.

And so you may have gone
But always there is more—
There can be no lack of bounty
In Heaven's glowing store.

L'ENVOI

And so these songs are ended
That all were sung for you:
Go, slip on your shoes of silver,
Your pretty cloak of blue;
Then run into the meadows,
The woodlands far and near,
And sing them to the wild west wind
That the little birds may hear.

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